

[**Had Enough** by **freakwithacamera \(assholemurphy\)**](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Homophobia, Homophobic Language, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Jonathan may be a bit ooc, M/M, poorly written fight scenes

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Summary:

After another incident of abuse against the party, Steve gets pissed off and tells Jonathan what he's been up to. Hearing about the abuse pushes Jonathan over the edge and he decides to send him a warning, but they're interrupted by Billy, who starts a fight. In the aftermath and clean up, Jonathan and Steve discuss their relationship.

Had Enough

Author's Note:

Jonathan may be out of character here, but I truly believe he would do something like this if pushed far enough, and finding out what Billy has been doing to not only Will, but the whole party, is enough to do that.

Written for Stonathan Week 2017

Prompt: Monster Hunting

Steve knew he liked Jonathan, a hell of a lot, but the second he said “Let’s go. I’m tired of Billy’s shit,” he knew he was in love.

Most people, when confronted with Billy’s bullshit and abuse, simply suggested going to the cops or telling a parent and having them deal with it, and nothing against Hopper or the party’s parents – with the exception of Mr. Wheeler, he could choke as far as Steve was concerned – but that wasn’t going to help the situation. Billy wasn’t going to listen to authority figures talking diplomacy, he only understood when you spoke his language, and Jonathan seemed to be the first person to really understand that. So, when Steve had grumbled that they needed to do something about him, he hadn’t expected anyone to agree, but Jonathan had, and it proved to Steve that he was, once again, the man of his dreams. A man of action.

However, as he knew from experience, it took a lot to get Jonathan angry, even more to get him angry to the point of willingly going along with what could only be called violent disturbing of the peace, but after Steve had told him what Will had told him on the car ride home, he was ready to commit murder. Billy really should have known not to mess with the younger Byers, but Billy and Jonathan hadn’t really met, so he supposed it wasn’t Billy’s fault for not understanding the rage of an older brother who had literally just gotten his brother back only to find out he was being bullied by a near-adult.

It wasn’t just his abuse of Will, he was fucking with the whole party,

especially Max and Lucas because Billy was, as Steve had so eloquently put it “A racist pile of steaming horseshit.” And he’d really done it this time, because Lucas had gotten hurt in the process, which was the catalyst for Steve’s anger. That bastard had followed the party home from school after Max had ditched him to hang out at the arcade with her friends, and ran them off the road again. Steve hadn’t known about the first time until this evening, or this would have most likely happened a lot sooner. Billy had almost hit Lucas, purposely chasing him down for longer up until the point when he swerved to avoid being hit and went head first into a tree, leaving him with a rather large bump, which Steve had worried might have been a concussion, but after multiple reassurances from both Dustin and Will, had calmed down enough to realize that it wasn’t anything too serious. He had a few bruises, as well, and a couple scrapes on his face, but he had insisted he was fine and didn’t need Steve to baby him.

The party had done their best to calm Steve down and had succeeded in stopping him from going directly to Billy’s house and getting his ass handed to him almost immediately. It wasn’t until he’d brought Will home after a night of Dungeons and Dragons, that he’d met up with Jonathan and they’d collectively decided that something had to be done. Steve brought Will home most nights, because Ms. Byers still didn’t want him riding his bike home at night, which was understandable, so Steve had volunteered, partly because he liked Will, but mainly because it gave him a chance to see Jonathan, and it worked out just as well, because Steve was already at the Wheeler household studying with Nancy.

Nancy and Steve had made up and were on better terms, both realizing they weren’t the best for her, and she was helping him with his college essays, so he could potentially get in next year. He was aiming for somewhere in New York, so he could follow Jonathan, and he was willing to work as hard as he needed to get in. Which meant a lot of study sessions and plenty of rewritten essays. He was getting better, though, and he was sure he’d have it right by time for early consideration.

He’d been there for her when she and Jonathan had broken up a few months prior. Jonathan had broken it off, not really giving much of a

reason beyond he didn't think he was what she needed. Steve had been not so subtly trying to flirt with him ever since. It was no secret that Steve was bisexual, at least, not from the trio, anyway. Steve didn't go around telling everyone, but Nancy had figured it out from the way he stared at Jonathan and, now that they weren't dating anymore, she fully supported him in his endeavor to get Jonathan Byers to go out with him. The only problem was that Steve was too scared to ask him. They had a great friendship going and he didn't want to ruin it. Nancy had assured him he wouldn't, though, and so he'd gotten bolder in his attempts at wooing him.

Now, after a long conversation with Will about Billy's abuse and how often it happened, which turned out to be at least weekly, and he was attacking the whole party, even shoved Will into a wall at the theater one day when he was with Mike and called him a fag. Will had had to restrain Mike to keep him from going after him, which would not have ended well. Jonathan was understandably pissed when Steve had told him.

"We need to do something about this motherfucking prick," Jonathan all but growled as he opened the door of his house, ushering Steve out into the warm night's air.

Steve snorted, "Wow, Jonny, I've never heard you use such strong language before."

"Shut up and get in the car," Jonathan told him before pausing, "You still got my bat?"

"It's *my* bat now, and yes, it's in my trunk," Steve confirmed. He'd kept it around and had no intention of letting it go any time soon. That bat would come with him to college if necessary. He wasn't taking any chances with the Upside Down.

"Then we're taking your car. Keys?" Jonathan held up his hand, waiting for Steve to give them to him.

"It's my car!"

"Keys," Jonathan demanded ,and Steve raised his eyebrows but tossed him the keys.

"I love it when you get all bossy," Steve flirted. Truthfully, Steve was a little too happy to see Jonathan in overprotective big brother mode. Not only was it hot, but it made him feel saner, since he wasn't the only one Billy was pissing off.

They drove towards Billy's house as soon as Steve gave him directions. He'd had to pick Max up a few times when her brother's abuse got too bad. Steve took the time to go through Jonathan's mix tape collection as one of them played, blaring out The Smiths. "You make these?"

"Yeah," Jonathan nodded.

"What's a guy gotta do to get one?"

"I don't know. Why? You want one?" Jonathan asked, looking over at Steve as he went through the tapes.

"A little bit, yeah," Steve admitted.

"Would you actually listen to it? It's not gonna be some Cyndi Lauper bullshit, you know that, right?"

"I figured. I'll listen to it."

"Why do you want one?"

"Because—" Because I want to know what songs you associate with our friendship, with *me*. "I don't know, I just want one. Nancy got one."

"I was dating Nancy," Jonathan pointed out.

Steve smiled and turned his head towards Jonathan, not joking as much as he wished he was, "Are you saying I have to date you to get a mix tape? Because if that's the price I gotta pay-"

Jonathan snorted and shook his head, "I'll make you one."

Steve grinned as they pulled up to Billy's place, but it soon disappeared when Jonathan parked the car. They had business to attend to and now was not the time for flirting.

Jonathan immediately went to the trunk to pull out the bat. Billy's car was in the driveway and as soon as Jonathan had the bat in his hands, Steve knew what was about to happen. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Probably not," Jonathan shrugged. Needless violence wasn't like him, but as far as he was concerned, this wasn't needless at all. Billy needed to learn who the fuck he was messing with and it didn't look like anybody else was willing to step up.

"We could get arrested!" Steve hissed, starting to regret the decision to come. If they were just going to confront Billy, it would be one thing, but this could get them in serious trouble.

"Okay, first off, my mom's dating the chief, we'll be *fine*. Secondly, we'll just tell them everything Billy's been doing to the kids and he'll get in even more trouble, so there's no way in hell he'll call the cops," Jonathan assured him, making his way to Billy's car.

"Sound logic," Steve sighed, feeling a little bit better, but still wary of the task at hand. He had to admit, it would be a very powerful message to send.

Jonathan nodded and lifted the bat over his head, smirking at Steve before bringing it down on the car's windshield. The resulting sound of glass cracking shook the quiet neighborhood. Jonathan brought it down a couple more times until the windshield was destroyed. He stood back to admire his work. Billy's windshield was completely shattered and caved in. He didn't do it often, but when he did get angry, he made it count. "There. A warning."

Jonathan started back towards the car, ready to go when the front door of the house opened. Steve realized way too late that if Billy's car was here, then that meant he was here, too. "Shit."

"Yeah," Jonathan breathed out, his hand on the door's handle.

"What the fuck did you do to my fucking car? What the hell?" Billy exploded out the door, running to his car to check out the damage. He pushed the hair back from his forehead, not quite believing what he was seeing. He shook his head, trying to process what had

happened. “My dad’s gonna kill me.”

“Steve.” Jonathan urged, trying to get Steve’s attention, but Steve was completely focused on the horror story unfolding in front of them.

“He’s gonna kill me, and it’s all your fault,” Billy snarled before charging towards Steve, giving him a look that froze him in place.

“Steve! Steve, get in the car!”

He heard Jonathan, but he couldn’t do anything. He was like a deer in headlights and Billy was the oncoming car about to end his life. Well, he supposed it had been a good one. Sure, he had a few regrets, but what were they in comparison to this one?

“Harrington. I’m going to fucking kill you!”

“Steve, car!”

Steve stayed frozen as Billy stopped in front of him. He had all of two seconds to flinch before Billy’s fist connected with his face and he tasted blood in his mouth. The side of his face exploded with pain and he vaguely heard Jonathan yelling in the background.

“Don’t you fucking touch him!”

Billy got in a couple more hits, bloodying Steve’s nose and catching him under the eye before he was dragged off him, Jonathan pulling him away.

Steve blinked, getting his bearings and taking in the scene before him. Jonathan and Billy stood toe to toe, Billy shouting obscenities and Jonathan giving him a look of barely concealed rage.

Steve couldn’t tell who swung first, but within seconds, fists were flying. Jonathan clearly had the upper hand, more in control of himself than Billy could ever be, his anger wasn’t getting the better of him. Billy got in quite a few hits, though, and if Steve had been able to pick himself up off the ground, then he would have tried to help, but he wasn’t sure it was safe to go near them and Jonathan seemed to be handling himself.

Jonathan finally shoved Billy back against the car, holding him up with an arm to his throat. They're both bloody and beaten up, but Jonathan wasn't done. "You stay the fuck away from my brother and his friends. Do you understand?"

"Fuck you and fuck your faggot boyfriend," Billy spat, struggling to get free. Jonathan didn't look very strong, but he was holding Billy in place fairly well.

"Do you fucking understand?" He growled out, shoving his arm further against Billy's throat.

"Go to hell, you motherfucking freak!"

"I swear to god, if I hit you again, I'm not gonna stop until you quit breathing, you piece of shit. Stay away from my brother, stay away from Max and Lucas, all of them. And stay the fuck away from Steve." Billy had caused too much pain to his friends, he wasn't going to stand for it anymore. If they couldn't settle it like adults, Jonathan was more than happy to act just as childish as Billy.

"Gotta protect your bitch of a boyfriend, right?" Billy smiled, his teeth bloody and it hurt but he did it anyway. He managed to push Jonathan back just far enough, so he wasn't touching the car anymore. "I always knew he was a fucking queer, I just didn't know he was the one who took it up the ass."

Jonathan shoved him back against the car with an audible thump, raising his fist.

"Jonathan! Let him go, we can leave, alright?" Steve called, finally getting to his feet. He wasn't going to let Jonathan keep going. It was honestly a little scary seeing him like this. He wondered if he'd always been capable of this type of rage or if losing Will had changed him. Either way, it was over, Billy wasn't worth getting arrested for. "He's not worth it. It's over."

Jonathan stared at Billy for the longest time, but finally let him go, Billy slumping against the car. "Damn right. I knew you didn't have the guts to finish it."

“You want me to keep going?” Jonathan asked, not even turning around. He wanted to go home, to clean his face up, and to calm down. He hated being angry, it reminded him too much of Lonnie.

“I’m not afraid of you, you fucking cocksucker!” Billy raised his voice as Jonathan got farther away.

Jonathan rolled his eyes, “If you keep shouting you’re gonna wake the whole neighborhood. And your dad.”

“The fuck you know about my dad?” Billy asked, taking a few steps towards them.

Jonathan spun around, staring at Billy, “I know enough. I know he beats you, kicks the shit out of you and calls you worthless. I know he broke your nose last Christmas because you forgot to call him ‘sir.’ And I know that you’re *just like him.*”

“I’m nothing like him!” Billy shouted in offense.

“You both hurt people to make yourselves feel better. You’re both dicks. You both hurt people who look up to you, who need you to be stable, who need you to care about them, but instead you treat them like shit. You’re exactly alike and you know it.”

Billy crossed his arms, getting defensive, “And so what? Why should I apologize for being what he’s made me?”

“Because you don’t get to be a dick, that’s not how the world works. You think you’re the only one with a shitty father? Grow the hell up, Billy. You’re not the only person getting hurt here.” Jonathan knew first hand what it was like to be shoved around, but instead of taking it out on Will, he’d done everything he could to protect him, to show him the love he hadn’t gotten. Billy was just a bad example of abuse victims. He didn’t have to be like he was, but he didn’t try to change, and that was the problem. It was so easy to give into the anger, to let it consume you and to hurt others the way you’d been hurt, but being better was hard. Loving people, caring about them, trusting them, that was hard, and Billy didn’t want to put forth the effort to do it. So, he stayed the way he was, stagnant and sad, and honestly, Jonathan would have felt sorry for him if he hadn’t been such a dick

to the people he cared about. Might've even offered to help him be better, but he could tell from the way Billy reacted, he didn't want to be better, and Jonathan felt bad for all the people in his life that had to deal with him. Max had to deal with his abuse, and yet she'd turned out better. If a child could be better, then there was no fucking excuse for Billy's grown ass to be as bad as he was.

"And why should I care? Nobody cares about me, so what do I owe them?" Billy snapped, glaring at Jonathan. He didn't give two shits what he had to say. He liked himself, and that was all that mattered.

"Maybe they would if you weren't such a colossal prick. Maybe if you let people care about you instead of hurting them. Do you want to care about your father? Do you want to love him? No, of course not! So, why should anyone love you?" Jonathan reasoned, shaking his head. He was done with the conversation, and done with Billy. "I'm going home, Billy. Touch my family again and I'll break your fingers."

"Whatever, you fucking fag. I don't need your advice." Billy stomped off into the house, slamming the door behind him.

Jonathan leaned against the car for a moment, in pain and relieved it was over, before opening the door and sliding into the front seat, asking "You okay, Steve?"

"Me? What about you? You look like you went ten rounds with Mike Tyson," Steve shook his head as he closed the door.

"I'm fine. I've had worse," Jonathan shrugged, wincing slightly. "Some Tylenol and some sleep will fix it."

Steve looked him over, taking stock of his visible injuries, "You really kicked his ass."

"Maybe he'll leave them alone now." That was all they could hope for.

"If not, we go to Hopper, he'll arrest him, right?"

"If he can get enough evidence."

Steve sighed and looked out the window as they drove, blood drying on his face. “Go to my house, so we can get cleaned up. I doubt you want your mom to see you like this, right?”

“Good idea,” Jonathan said, turning to get on the street that lead to Steve’s place. He didn’t even want to think about what his mother would say if she saw him like this. He wasn’t in the mood for a lecture or to be coddled, he just wanted his head to stop hurting.

“Well, I am full of them. Hey, did you grab my bat?” Steve asked, suddenly worried.

“Yeah, it’s in the backseat. I put it there when I was trying to get you in the car.”

Steve looked in the back, confirming that the bat was indeed there.
“Yeah, sorry, I just kinda froze.”

“It’s alright.” Jonathan understood. He knew what it was like to freeze up. But seeing Steve get attacked had triggered something in him. He hadn’t been able to stop himself from jumping in to save him.

They stopped outside Steve’s house and sat in silence for a moment before Steve opened the car door. Jonathan came around the side and handed him his keys so he could unlock the front door.

Once inside, Steve immediately took Jonathan to the bathroom to get cleaned up. He handed a rag to Jonathan and took one for himself, cleaning the dried blood from his face. He’d have a bruise in the morning, but compared to how Jonathan’s face would look, that was nothing. Once their faces were cleaned up, so they could see the damage better, Steve pulled out a first aid kit and set it on the counter.

“Here, let me help you put your face back together.”

“Okay, but honestly, how bad is it?” Jonathan asked, looking at himself in the mirror.

“I dunno,” Steve shrugged, smiling at Jonathan, “I still think you’re pretty.”

Jonathan looked down for a moment, like he was considering what to do before looking back at Steve and reaching out to tangle a fist in his shirt and pull him into a kiss. It was gentle and slow, hesitant, and Steve was too shocked to do anything but stand there. His brain finally kicked in as he felt Jonathan let go.

“I’m sorry, I-” That was as much as Jonathan could get out before Steve pulled him into another kiss, letting one hand tangle in his hair and the other wrap around his waist to pull him closer. Jonathan kissed back, cupping the side of Steve’s face with his hand. It was hungry and sloppy and their faces still hurt, but neither of them cared. Steve backed Jonathan up until he was pressed against the wall and Jonathan hummed his approval.

They finally broke apart and Steve smiled at Jonathan, “So, what was that for? Not that I’m complaining, just, you know, curious.”

Jonathan furrowed his brow, letting his hand drop, “I just- When I saw him hit you, I don’t know how to explain it, but I was so scared and angry. Then, here, with you, maybe it’s the adrenaline talking, I don’t know, but I’ve noticed your flirting and I’m not sure how to reciprocate it, but I would really like it if, I don’t know, we could go out some time?” Jonathan was painfully aware of how many times he said he didn’t know, but luckily, the smile stayed on Steve’s face.

“Even if I’m a fag who takes it up the ass?” Steve joked.

“I guess I can deal with that,” Jonathan shrugged. “As long as you don’t mind me being a motherfucking freak.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect,” Steve laughed, pulling away. “Now, we really do need to fix your face.”

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! Catch me on tumblr:
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